

A STORY OF RAINDROPS

by Andrew “Change” Huang

in the alcove where i watch the pattering
raindrops—bouncing off pavement, cars,
lampposts, and street signs—

i come to remember
how you would lay your head on my lap
because you could not sleep.

i would tell you a bedtime story, and you
would count the streaks of droplets
cascading down the window panes
onto the waiting sills.

you would giggle to the cars splashing
on puddles as they sped past the house.
you could never stay up long enough
to hear the ending of a story, nor
to see the morning next day
collecting dewdrops on the front lawn.

the wind howls.
the fire embers.

in the alcove where i once read you
a bedtime story, i cannot fall asleep, and
there is no way to drown the sound
of raindrops tapping on the roof.